

T H E 3^d

44

Church of *England's*

N E W

H Y M N,

T O

The State Scaffold

I N

Westminster-Hall:

O C C A S I O N ' D

By the T R Y A L of S K I L L thereon,

I N

F E B R U A R Y the 27th, 1709.

W I T H

A necessary additional Littany to be
presented to all well-wishers to the
present Establishment.

By *Theophylus Phylanglus.*

L O N D O N:

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Sach. III/1

B  L

T H E
 Church of *England's*
 N E W
 H Y M N, &c.

THOU *Muse of State*, hast mourn'd a *banish'd* race;
 Explode now Faction, e'en to Faction's Face:
 In this attempt thy willing Numbers joyn,
 And let the Church's Cause be likewise thine:
 Unhappy Church! which by dull Tools are sway'd,
 How is thy Purity and Strength decay'd?
 Some Prelates now the sacred *Lawn* disgrace,
 By preaching up Resistance to thy Face.
 Such Prelates strangely chang'd from what they were;
 When *Laud* and *Sancroft* fill'd the sacred Chair.
Hoadly's cry'd up, which th' rights o'th' *Crown* oppose,
 Making the Mob the Head, and Arms its Foes:
 Tenets are held, which now Rebellion teach,
 Taken from *Pryn* or *Nye*, or *Sr--ms* Speech;
 What can a Mitre fit that impious Head,
 Which has his Conscience, and his Trust betray'd?
 Shall Loyalty seem now for to give place,
 To faithless *Anarchy's* Tryumphant Race:

What ! Bishops to the scandal of their Coat,
 Against the Apostle's Doctrine clearly Vote :
 Thus is Religion in a Blanket tost,
 From Hand to Hand, till it's as good as lost.
 Shall such Clergy still the Church supply,
 Debauching the Gown, by giving the Text the Lye.
 Is *English* Church of late turn'd such an Whore ?
 If so, *Jack* Presbyter did her deflower :
 It was her Fathers did her prostitute,
 By exposing her to e'ery common Brute :
 Atheists may unmolested now Blaspheme,
 Slight human Powers, by bantering the Queen.
 Nay Deism and Prophaneness, may abound,
 Till scarce an upright Man can now be found :
 Shall our old Principles be in disgrace,
 And new destructive Ones put in their Place :
 And shall Religion be the grand pretence,
 To Plot, for to destroy our innocence,
 Must godly Zeal reviv'd, bear such a sway,
 To overturn our Church the shortest way ?
 And to bring in the Devil, assume the Saint,
 For the whole leaven, which they mix they taint.
 Conformity by sham Conforming's lost,
 And who deserves the least's preferr'd the most :
 Occasionally Positions false advance,
 Pulling down Monarchy to conquer *France* :
 Hence our decrease of Money, and of Trade,
 That our discourag'd Natives cry for Bread :
 But what my Muse ! dare none relate the Crimes,
 'Till Fate restore some Justice to the times ?
 Yes, *Sacheverell*, which at that Barr did stand,
 He has declar'd the Dangers in the Land.

He

He in the Van, stood on that Stool of State,
 And told us of the Church, and Sovereign's Fate;
 With such a true, brave, and undaunted Mind,
 Of *English* Principles, as well as kind;
 Did on the bottom of true Honour stand,
 E'en as a Rock unshaken in our Land:
 Though Seas of Trouble did against him beat,
 They broke and forc'd themselves to a retreat:
 No Fate, nor Flattery could then controul,
 His Christian resolute, heroick Soul:
 He only merit'd a true *English* Name,
 Which always said, and did, and was the same;
 Which durst be honest, though at an high rate,
 Standing prepared to meet the worst of Fate.
 No publick Storms could his clear Reason blind,
 Nor bad Example influence his Mind:
 Let Knaves, and Fools, confound the tott'ring State,
 Plunging the Subjects in their Monarch's hate:
 Blinding by false Accounts of Men and Things,
 The most indulgent, and the best of Queens:
 Such Brethren, false, the Doctor doomed well,
 Being bad at best, e'en to the Pit of Hell.
 For which he was call'd unto the State Machine,
 Made with great Charge, to punish Fancy in.
 In that *Sacheverell* could feel no pain,
 But did all his Insignificants disdain:
 Contempt, that false new Word for *Britain's* Shame,
 In him, without Crime, was but an empty Name;
 A flying Shadow to amuse Mankind,
 But never Frights the Wise and well fix'd Mind:
 His Vertues did despise all Human Scorn,
 And Scandals but his Innocence adorn;

For who could judge of Crimes by Punishment,
 Where Faction Rules, and L—ds subservient :
 Justice with change of Interest learns to bow,
 For what was Merit once, is a Crime now.
 Crimes may by Management have no concern,
 That few Men right from wrong can them discern.
 Actions receiving Tincture from the Times,
 So as those change, are Virtues made, or Crimes.
 The Law you know, that great Machine of State,
 With Hooks and Screws some make to Operate ;
 And being wound up by such a cunning Art,
 With Ease, doth soon perform the fatal Part ;
 Exactly answering to the Workman's Skill,
 Working this way to Save, and that to kill :
 Nay Law is but an Heathen World for Power,
 Which Man (when Parties please) can soon devour.
 By *Metaphor*, involved for to confess,
 The Methods by which Parties do oppress :
 With seeming safety, such may destroy Mankind,
 Whilst Justice stands before, and Fraud behind :
 We know that there are Mountebanks of State,
 Who by the flights of Tongue, can Crimes create,
 Dressing up Trifles in the Robes of State. }
 Some Nimshites, who with furious Zeal drive on,
 To pull down Church, to build up *Babylon* :
 Such plainly seem to act with greater heat,
 Than Forty Four to give the Church a defeat :
 We may conclude, their aim, and chief intents,
 Not change of Morrals, but of Governments.
 So're real Authors of the shortest way,
 Which for Destruction, not Conversion, pray :
 What! are we lost to Sense, as well as shame,
 And sunk beyond the View of pristine fame :

That

That not one ray shines piercing from a far,
 To shew what our Fam'd Fore-fathers were :
 Since such a Lustre in our Church appears,
 Let Joys succeed our Sighs, and Hopes our Fears :
 For Nobles on her Side so taintless stand,
 And Commons vindicate an injured Land :
 Justice forbids my Muse to wrong Virtue,
 Or rob religious Champions of their due :
 Which for their own and Monarchs Rights have stood,
 Most lavishly bold, but Christianly good :
 Being fearful of the Church, and State's Invasion,
 May now be stil'd the Saviours of the Nation.
 Doubtless their Vows, and Prayers by God were heard,
 And *Anna* cannot but them now regard :
 The first in th' Church was *Tork* with silver Hairs,
 With Courage crown'd, and Learning, full of Years ;
 And high exalted, yet of humble mind,
 Studious of good, beneficent and kind :
 As undebauch'd by Courtier's Smiles, or Frowns,
 Standing by God's Prerogative, and the Crowns.
 For Alms, for Arts, for Probity revere'd,
 And guiltless as the Doctor he then clear'd.
 Next *Durham* whose inimitable Zeal,
 For Church, and Queen, and for his Countries weal ;
 Whose early Labours, and continu'd care,
 Add Lustre to the Corronet and Chair :
 And might more noble Sentiments infuse,
 Than what are now receiv'd amongst the Crews.
London drew up, whose high descended Veins,
 Admits no Tincture of Seditious Stains.
 When Rebels their Allegiance durst disown,
 And fought against their Prince to guard his Throne.

As

As some now spoke, he was Loyal still, and Just,
 And like his Sire, still true unto his Trust.
Rochester the Fourth, in whose unshaken Breast,
 Loyalty, Peace, Knowledge divinely rest;
 For unsuspected Honesty renown'd,
 With Judgment, Age, and Honour truly crown'd :
 His Thoughts surprising, and his Sense so full,
 Sprightly when he Writes, but seldom dull.
 The Fifth was *Bath* and *Wells*, which Mitre wears,
 To teach some Brethren how to fill their Chairs ;
 The best of Prelates, and the best of Men,
 A worthy Successor to Bishop *Ken* :
 Like him, no Tool, to be for Lucre sway'd,
 To see his Flocks misled, or Church betray'd :
 Tho' Mod'rat'on made som's Devot'on cold,
 He for the Church was zealous still, and bold,
 Like to the Primitive Christians of old :
 The last was *Chester*, from whose unerring Quill,
 Eternal Truths like heavenly Dews distill :
 Atheists from his Discourses, Christians turn,
 And Profelites their vitious Actions mourn.
 Beneficent and kind, his Christian Life
 All of a Piece, and ne'er given to Strife ;
 But when false Tenets would take Place of true,
 And old Opinions are laid by new ;
 Then Jesus-like zealous, God's true Church to fix,
 Though youngest, yet not meanest of the Six.
 Whilst factious Men, with baleful Briths proclaims
 The loud Applauses of undeserving Names.
 Let Clergy for Church suffering Preach and Write,
 And Lawyers plead for her, and Soldiers Fight :
 And to Establishment, so lay their claim,
 Shewing themselves true Sons of her and fame :

If other Men of Might and Muckle Power,
 Would rule Mankind, and not Mankind devour :
 Would but Protect, and not betray the Throne,
 Obey great *Britains* Interest, not their own :
 Do such Pretenders sometimes come to Church,
 For Profit's Sake, then leave her in the lurch Lurch ;
 To Day can Swear, to Morrow can Abjure,
 For Treachery's a Crime no Man can cure :
 View some in Malice, and in Scandal grown,
 By red hot Zeal, and furious Learning known.
 No wonder such Law wrest, and it despise,
 Since Jesus Christ himself they oft denies :
 To make their Impudence surpass their spight,
 Invectives 'gainst Monarchy th' indite :
 Would such now our old Foundations shake,
 To introduce new Forms from *Leman Lake*.
 Can we extoll the Justice of that Land,
 Which punish what they will not understand,
 Since Church-men late as the Doctor did disclose,
 Both Fathers and the Sons are Isra'ls Foes :
 Ah ! happy *England*, had there never come,
 Into thy Courts seditious Knaves at home :
 With Schemes of *No-land* thy 'ntrest to divide,
 And cramp the State with Treachery and Pride :
 How came such at this time to raise this Storm ?
 What would they have us all to them Conform ?
 But stay, my Muse, and do not blame the Law.
 Which is to keep less Villains more in awe :
 Th' affect for to correct was 't's first intent,
 To check the Cause and Ends of Punishment :
 But being inverted, supplicate, some aid,
 Since what was Treason once, is Duty made :

Duty to save what some would still preserve,
 And vindicate the God they say, they serve.
 Now let such in thy Verse unmask'd appear,
 Whatever swelling Titles, they may bear.
 Deeds that have been behind the Curtain done,
 And Libels which they think not fit to own :
 Pray *Aristæus's* Scheme now first out draw,
 And place then on the Stage that Man of Law :
 And make him seen by e'ery publick Eye,
 Raise him like *Haman*, Fifty Cubits high :
 Then let him shew his Nature, and his Art,
 And turn o're Statutes, Statutes to pervert :
 Long has he growl'd, and frown'd behind the Scene,
 And been for Common-wealths, the sole Machine, }
 Moving the lesser Instruments unseen.
 What if *Sacheverell* did make appear
 Such hidden Mysteries some could not bear :
 Must he for Truth's Sake, loose his Life by Law ?
 And by some Rules be always kept in awe :
 That's to debauch our milder Government,
 With abdicated sorts of Punishment :
 Can railing Zeal make any lose his right ?
 By making Laws against all Law in spight :
 To 'complish which we made such choice of late,
 Of Members which had Megrimms in their Pate ;
 Now must our Presidents be like, and grown,
 To the old dismal one of Forty One :
 How ! dares such say they'll tye up the Queen's Hands,
 Before they'll Money give tho' she commands.
 Nay, do such say she dares not with them part,
 Till 'ccasionally they've broke her Royal Heart :
 Rouse up, great *Anne*, in th' Church and Royal cause,
 Thou great Defender of our Faith and Laws :

Now

Now, now, or never, crush the Serpent's Head,
 Or else the Poyson through the Land will spread :
 Hang up the Factionous Heads that dare oppose,
 The Sword of Justice, and the ancient Laws :
 Since many Zealots strike now at the Gown,
 Calling him Traytor which defends the Crown :
 Fatal Experience bids thee now be wise,
 At him they strike, but thou's the Sacrifice :
 Thus *Land*, and so thy Royal Grandfire dy'd,
 Impeach'd by Clamours, and by Faction try'd :
 We plainly see the Prologue's now begun,
 To play again the Game of Forty One.
 Stop such Pretences e're it be too late,
 And view thy own in poor *Sacheverell's* Fate :
 How! can'st thou warm such Snakes within thy Breast,
 Are they alone to be with Favours blest :
 Sure thou'st forgot, the former hate they show'd,
 To thee, when Princess, as well as all thy Blood :
 With what Derision did they thy Person scorn,
 And what ill Names their Satyrs did adorn :
 Or do'st thou think that by thy Acts of Love,
 Such factionous Hearts as these to Duty move :
 That fatal Truth thy Royal Uncle found,
 Who all their Hopes with highest Favours crown'd ;
 Forgave the Punishment to Law they ow'd,
 Then in a thousand ways his Mercies show'd :
 Yet all in vain! still with obdurate hate,
 And restless Malice they embroil'd the State :
 Strove by unheard of Plots his Life to gain,
 And with eternal Discord fill'd his Reign.
 Awake then, *Anna*, and exert the Queen,
 And show 'em that thou art their Sovereign :

Discard that impious Race whose Threats defy
 Thy Mimick Power, and mock thy Majesty :
 Whose Hereditary right would now dethrone,
 By making thee a Poppit of their own,
 At Will, Forsooth, set up, or taken down.
 Dispute they do, thy lawful Orders dare,
 And judge e'en now who shall thy Favours share.
 This durst they not do, when great *Eliza's* hand,
 The Scepter of these Kingdoms did command.
 If her just Will any Subject disobey'd,
 She then struck of the Rebel-Traytor's Head :
 Oh ! that thou would'st her Royal Foot-steps tread,
 Thou need not then such gilded Serpents dread :
 Love, Mercy, Goodness, Piety is thine,
 If thou'd'st but Courage, thou would'st be Divine,
 Fear not, whole Myriads in thy Cause will joyn.
 Or could'st thou now at last, e'en so regard
 Some Patriot's Vows, and let their Prayer be heard :
 Could'st thou but once a gracious Freedom deign,
 To Doctrines which support the Church and reign :
 If *Re—er* was restor'd from his Disgrace,
 And made thy delegate in *Wh—b's* Place :
 If in good time thou would'st but such Disgrace,
 Which lately held Resistance to thy Face ;
 And place those Truth Defenders near thy Throne,
 And all Republicans for the future scorn.
 Or if thou durst dissolve this Parliament,
 Another sure would give us more content :
 For then the Prelates which did the *Lawn* disgrace,
 Depriv'd would be, and good Men in their place :
 Then sam'd *Sacheverell* would unsuspended be,
 Possess'd of one of the deprived's See.

Long

Long may'st thou reign which has so curb'd their power,
 To save both Church and State from fatal Hour:
 Long may'st thou live to 've Husband, and an Heir,
 To make true Church-men glad, and Whigs despair.
Amen and Amen.

The Additional LITTANY.

I.

From Duty that's now such a Rarity thought,
 From Honour, and Loyalty, so set at naught,
 And both Law and Gospel to a Skelliton brought.
Libera nos Domine.

II.

*From some in the Church which bears such a sway,
 Pretending to Guard it, yet doth it betray,
 By mild Moderation the shortest way.
 Libera nos Dom.*

III.

*From Spiritual Wickedness in all high Places,
 From Men of no Zeal, but whar' in their Faces,
 Which run for Preferment as Jockeys do Races.
 Libera nos Domino.*

IV.

*From 'ccasional Prelates which use wicked ways,
 Themselves to advance as the Learn'd J. ss,*

In smooth Irreligion to live all their Days.
 Libera nos Dom.

V.

*From Baptist, Socinian, and scrupulous Quaker,
 From Atheist, Deist, and fawning Dissenter,
 From Republican Sly, and longwinded Canter.*
 Libera nos Dom.

VI.

*From all which would plunder yet look like a Saint,
 Which like to the Devil, the Scriptures do Taint :
 Pleading their Conscience, will Cheat, lye and Cant.*
 Libera nos Dom.

VII.

*From those in the wrong for the good of the Nation,
 Making Conscience their God with kind Tolleration,
 Ne'er Worship't but in Nol's days since the Creation.*
 Libera nos Dom.

VIII.

*From tedious confinement by Parliament Votes
 From Hoadly's Whigg Sermons and other such Notes,
 From Pryn, and Nye taken to make us cut Throats.*
 Libera nos Dom.

IX.

*From Parliament Men rak'd out of the Embers
 From Knights which haunts Compters & Lunatick Members
 From Presbyter January's and Papist November's.*
 Libera nos Dom.

X. From

X.

*From purging the House, and sending some down,
And chusing the Factious to sit in their room,
That the Actions of Forty may quite be outdone.*

Libera nos Dom.

XI.

*From Factious Addresses, with Clamours and Fears,
And crafty Intreaguers, which would set us by th' Ears;
Which for Shipwrack of Church, and Monarchy fears.*

Libera nos Dom.

XII.

*From Genevan Jesuit in a Scotch Bonnet,
With the Mass in Scotch Sleeves, and Cov'nant on it,
From Aristæus's Scheme, blown out of French Sheet.*

Libera nos Dom.

XIII.

*From those which to the Queen, sham Duty express,
Which cringe at her Court, and smile in her Face.
Yet some Tears ago, thought scorn to Address.*

Libera nos Dom.

XIV.

*From a People too good to be told of their Sins,
Tho' Faction, Fraud, Envy and Malice brings,
Destruction and Ruin to the best of things.*

Libera nos Dom.

XV. Grant

XV.

*Grant that none for the future may break Constitution,
In hunting for Places, so make Confusion;
They may live with Zacheus to make Restitution:
We beseech thee to hear us good Lord.*

XVI.

*Lord grant but the cooling of imtemperate rage,
In Men of all Ranks in this Iron-Age,
Whose Malice and Pride, no suffering can swage.
We beseech thee to hear us good Lord.*

XVII.

*For all that is crav'd, and for something more,
Vouchsafe us, good Lord, out of thy great Store, (Power.
That England may Flourish, in spite of Whigg or Room's
Amen, and Amen.*

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